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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVIII. CHICAGO, OCTOBER 10, 1901. NUMBER 6

## THE OLD TESTAMENT BIBLE STORIES

### TOLD FOR THE YOUNG

### FOR USE IN THE HOME AND SCHOOL

We beg to announce that UNITY has arranged to publish serially, one each week, a collection of Bible Stories from the Old Testament; prepared by Mr. Walter L. Sheldon, Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis. The material is arranged more especially with a view to SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK. Each Chapter stands by itself as a separate lesson with suggestions to the teacher as to the best way to use it. The material however forms a continuous narative from the "Garden of Eden" to the "Death of Solomon". The supreme purpose of the series is to bring out the profound ethical import of the Old Testament Stories as a means for the education of the young in that direction. Those who have seen Mr. Sheldon's work "An Ethical Sunday School," will recognize these stories as forming the introduction to the complete scheme of instruction he has been working out during the past few years. Persons wishing to have this material for use in Sunday School work may secure UNITY for one year and either "The Story of the Bible from the Standpoint of Modern Scholarship" or "Class Readings in the Bible from the Standpoint of the Higher Criticism" by the same author, while the editions last, for $1.50, or both of these books and one year's subscription to UNITY for $1.75; UNITY alone to clubs of ten or more, $1.00 a year.

Publication of the Old Testament Bible Stories to begin Oct. 17, 1901.

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY,
3939 Langley Ave., Chicago.

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# A Search for An Infidel

## A SEQUEL TO JESS:

## BITS OF WAYSIDE GOSPEL

SECOND SERIES

By

## JENKIN LLOYD JONES

Twelve delightful essays delivered by the author generally on return from his summer holidays.
The "*Living Church*," Milwaukee.

I am glad you wrote "Jess" and the other book.—Anonymous Correspondent.

For saints and sinners of every kind, inspired by charity and common sense.—"*Telegraph*," Philadelphia.

There is a healthy optimism which is invigorating.—"*Advertiser*," Boston.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who not long ago sent among the readers of the world his "Jess, Bits of Wayside Gospel," has turned out another equally interesting, instructive and refreshing book. Refreshing, because it is one of the best vacation volumes that can be carried into the country. Its title may not be the happiest that could have been chosen, but after all, it is not likely that "A Search For an Infidel" will be rewarded by finding one. It may properly be deemed a nature book, for it is full of lessons, the objects of which are within the reach as well as the comprehension of every reader. How to make vacation profitable mentally, morally and religiously is the aim of the author. He has succeeded wonderfully in harnessing objects and facts as the bases of his exquisite diction. The book takes the form of sermons—sermons with such starting points as "The Spade and the Pruning Hook," "The Dead Tree," "The Gospel of the Desert," "Water," "The Night Blooming Cereus," "Voices of the Night, a "Sunday on the Sea," "Guide Boards," and the "Everlasting Love." There is just enough of practical theology in these pages to indicate that there is practical religion in the world. The style is broad enough to suit every desire, and there is neither liberal or pious cant in its phraseology to mar its usefulness. No reader who starts in this "Search for an Infidel" will fail to be richer in the appreciation of what we call vacation time by what he captures, even if he does not come up with the infidel.—"*Eagle*," Brooklyn.

**Published by the Macmillan Company. Sent postpaid by mail for $1.50 by the**

**Unity Publishing Company :: 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago.**

# UNITY

VOLUME XLVIII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1901. NUMBER 6

*Social Service,* the monthly organ of the League for Social Service of New York, for October, lies before us so full of suggestive matter to those who are working for public weal. Of the seven portraits of contributors and living workers in this field, one is struck with the youthful appearance. They are all young men grappling with courage momentous subjects. This is a significant index of the hope of the world. Somewhere along the line the soul becomes too "wise" to face great undertakings; it "knows too much" to undertake what seems to be the impossible and still the world advances by the foolishness that dares and the adventure that always attacks the impossible. Let the young men come to the front and the young women also.

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The Milwaukee *Journal* has put forth an effective cartoon, one showing a respectable gentleman of clerical garb and appearance, with clenched fist, crying, "Lynch all anarchists"; alongside of him stands the typical man of violence, also with clenched fist, muttering through his teeth, "Murder all rulers." Over both pictures runs the legend "Twin Thoughts." The picture states the case completely. The man who would fight lawlessness with lawlessness belongs to the lawless, and if his demand be clothed with respectability and assumes the garb of patriotism and religion, he is the more dangerous. The imbecility of the direct enemies of government becomes more and more apparent as the name and deed of Czolgosz assume their place in public estimate and history; but the degeneracy of democracy represented by this clamor for lawlessness in the interest of law is far more far-reaching and threatening. There is no patriotism in using hard words, no religion in denunciation. Maledictions do not make for good character and there is no place for imprecation and bitterness in the lives of those who affect a faith in God and a belief in the indestructible value in human nature.

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The National Unitarian Conference at Saratoga has come and gone, and the *Christian Register* for October 3 lies before us, filled with the proceedings of the meeting. The attendance seems to have been light, which the *Register* accounts for largely by the distractions of the Buffalo Exposition, some successful summer meetings of the Unitarians and the depression caused by the death of the President. It is the same pride and disappointment that have always characterized these Saratoga meetings—high scholarship, genial spirit, but long papers and little or no discussion; "thirty addresses in three days," it is said, all of them unquestionably worth listening to. There was little in the way of executive attack or practical deliberation. A resolution was passed to raise fifty thousand dollars to build an Edward Everett Hale hall for the Hackley School, and various other educational institutions were commended. This particular number of the *Register* contains the full text of the paper by Rev. U. G. Pierce on "The Church at Work," by Rev. W. N. Brundage on "The Church at Worship," Rev. Lewis G. Wilson on the same subject, Dr. M. J. Savage on "The Gospel for the Twentieth Century," Rev. W. C. Gannett on "The Minister's Adjustment to the New Conditions," and Rev. George Batchelor on "The Child, the Church and the Citizen." Mr. Gannett's paper seemed to us of special moment and we hope to give it to our readers in full at an early date. We commend these and succeeding numbers of the *Register* to our readers. They will find much to their pleasure and profit therein.

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LeRoy B. Crane, a New York City magistrate, has a searching contribution in *Social Service* concerning "The Heartless Landlord." He starts out by telling of "a frail, sickly woman who walked the streets of New York all night in the rain with a babe in each arm because she could not pay her landlord his rent." And when "this good business man" was brought into court by the police, the judge found there was no alternative but to discharge him. He adds: "The only punishment I could inflict was to tell him that he was the most contemptible wretch I had ever met," and that he "deserved the most severe punishment for his brutality." Judge Crane suggests a lesson that the men of wealth and influence might learn if they but visited his courtroom. The whole article confirms the opinion often urged in these columns that the question of slums is a real estate question, that the tenement house miseries are directly traceable to the owners, while it is impossible to live the life of health and sobriety in such surroundings? The quickest as well as the only way to reach these woes is to tear down the house. The province of a fire department in a great city is to be enlarged until it will not only cover the protection from fire of legitimate property, but the destruction by fire or otherwise of all illegitimate property. Let all structures that persistently defy the laws of ethical and social well being be razed to the ground or reduced to ashes by order of the court that acts in obedience to wise and clearly stated statutes.

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## Getting Down to Work.

In our last we spoke of the twentieth century task of the churches, the new catholicism for which they must work, and promised to give some further practical hints. How can this be brought about? We answer:

1. By persistent search for the harmonies rather than continuous harping on the differences; by trying to interpret the other party at its maximum, not at its minimum. Human nature never yet gave its heart to an utter absurdity. There is always a truth at the core of every great assertion of humanity. The so-

called liberal churches have had much to do in exposing the errors of the Trinity, the absurdity of the Atonement and the impossibility of the Incarnation. And yet "Trinity," "Atonement" and "Incarnation" are words that reach into the profundities with which all philosophy is engaged and which has challenged the profoundest thinking of the greatest philosophers.

2. By dealing more and more with the common elements of modern life, interpreting modern experience and thought in terms of religion; in this way classes in modern scripture, studies in science and the still more available realm of common property represented in the domain of art, architecture, music, poetry, painting and sculpture. It is hard to foster schism and to justify sectarianism in the presence of any of these realities, and the preacher or the congregation that is found cultivating an appreciation in these directions, deepening an acquaintance with them, will soon find its way into the sympathy and ultimately the co-operation of the community.

3. By working more and more persistently for the embodiment of the moralities, standing for civic integrity, non-partisan breadth, one standard of morality for the office-holder and for the man.

4. By teaching the children to respect their neighbors, to revere the historic revelations not only of Christianity, but of all the religions of the world. There is no reason why the child of the liberal in religion should not be taught to speak the words "bishop" and "pope" without the circumflex accent which indicates a sneer, as the child of the democrat is taught to speak the word "king," and "emperor" without a sneer, knowing that kings and emperors have been necessary links in the development of humanity. They represent mile-posts on the road to democracy. So the great ecclesiasticisms of history have had their uses. George Eliot is reported as having once said: "I never listen to the narrowest evangelical, if he is in earnest, without feeling that I have more in common with him than in difference.

5. All these purposes in pulpit and in pew will welcome every opportunity to cross the lines. Union services on all special occasions, joint meetings in the interest of all local reforms and occasions when the public is profoundly stirred.

Some such a program as this will have a tendency to humanize the community, to make ethical the church and spiritual the pulpit.

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## Let In the Light.

It is a well-established principle in municipal government that the best night policeman is a street lamp. The discovery of illuminating gas made the modern city comparatively safe in all times of night, in all sections. Streets in the city of London that were the rendezvous of brigands and to enter which was to court violence, were transformed by street lights into reputable thoroughfares.

This is a principle as obviously plain in the ethical realm as in the physical, though cities are slow to recognize this and public officials, great corporations and individuals, if their wealth is great enough, resent what they consider interference with "private business" whenever there is an attempt to let in the light.

We take great pleasure in giving to our readers the paper of Ex-Alderman William Kent on another page, which was read last Saturday at a conference of municipal workers held in the Art Institute, Chicago. Mr. Kent speaks of what he knows. His experience as a member of the city council when rascality was a joke and the use of public office for private gain was the humor of the council, and his subsequent experience on the executive committee, and finally as President of the Municipal Voters' League, gives him a right to speak and makes of his paper a brief chapter in the "book of revelation" out of the "bible of modern civics."

But pertinent as are the words of Mr. Kent his paper was dwarfed by what was going on that very day in the grand jury room at the City Hall, when light was turned for the first time in many years upon an old office, a survival of the village methods and crude science that obtained a half century ago.

Then an "Oil Inspector" supported by fees paid by the dealers in oil was probably a necessary public functionary and his fees were probably a necessary compensation paid perhaps in the right way. But the improved scientific applications and the consequent competitions have made such an inspector wholly unnecessary, and the enormous increase of oils through the use of petroleum and its products has made this office by far the most luscious plum in the gift of the city administration. For many years the wise ones have known that the "Oil Inspectorship" was reserved by consent of both parties as a sinecure for the expert "boss" of the party in power. It was assumed that inasmuch as parties needed large campaign funds that this was a good way to raise an unnamed portion of them. So neither party cared to turn the light on the oil inspectorship. But the grand jury of Chicago did it the other day, and they have indicted the affable "boss" for embezzlement to the extent of twenty-three thousand dollars. An ample check was immediately forthcoming, but it was too late, the light had been turned on, the investigation is to proceed; it is only a question of time now when the "Oil Inspectorship" will cease to be the fat source of party corruption.

"Misery loves company." This light on a dark place in the modern history of Chicago will doubtless lead to the lighting of other lamps which will reveal some dark pages in the ancient history of the City Hall.

If Robert Burke is to go "over the road" to Joliet it may develop in him conscience enough to turn on the light which will reveal the ways that are dark of many of his associates and predecessors.

Let there be light!

---

God strengthen me to bear myself,
That heaviest weight of all to bear,
Inalienable weight of care.

If I could set aside myself
And start with lightened heart upon
The road by all men overgone!

## Publicity as a Factor in Representative Government.

By William Kent.

*Representing Municipal Voters' League, at a Conference of the Improvement Societies of Cook County, Held at the Art Institute, October 5, 1901.*

In the discussion which is as old as philosophy, of the doctrines of Free will and Necessity, those who have argued against free will have stated, and their statement has never been *logically* refuted, that men are the creatures of heredity and circumstance. If this be true, men deserve neither praise nor blame for their actions. To praise them is a waste of time; to blame them is to inflict needless cruelty. But when we come to consider practical results, we find that praise and blame are the strongest and most influential of circumstances. And along with this paradox, for the purpose of practical results, mankind is forced to throw overboard the whole discussion as to whether criticism, credit or blame should attach to the actions of men. Practical reformers must leave the rarified air of perfect charity and omnibus forgiveness and struggle manlike in the human arena with the weapons they find at hand. Judas Iscariot may have been forgiven by the Master, but the ill repute which has followed him through the ages has certainly been no encouragement to traitors.

Publicity may be defined to be such a broad dissemination of facts as is calculated to reach every person interested and affected. It presupposes an intelligent interest and an understanding on the part of the audience. Perhaps we may better continue our definition by a process of elimination. Formulae from Vector analysis or Egyptian hieroglyphs cannot be given publicity, even if posted on theatrical billboards or occupying space in the public press. These things would not have an understanding public.

Partisan statements, intemperate and biased, do not furnish publicity. They are circulated from an *ex parte* standpoint, and are properly discounted and distrusted. For example, an ostensibly Democratic journal has recently alluded to the President's alleged policy of seeking suitable Federal appointees in the South, regardless of party, as "The most colossal and the most shameless scheme of political debauchery ever outlined on this planet." The same publication recommended the worst list of nominees for aldermen that any party ever promulgated in Chicago as an excellent assortment of "reputable and capable business men."

The glittering generalities, the omnibus indictments and the voluminous moralizing which too often emanate from the pulpit, do not ordinarily furnish what we mean by publicity, for the pulpit is unfortunately frequently deficient in detail of knowledge, and even more frequently in a sense of proportion. One brilliant and prominent divine spent a piquant Sunday afternoon at Central Music Hall in berating corruption in general and gamblers in particular. At the next primary he was found consorting with the Hon. Perry A. Hull, attorney for gamblers, and a personage considerably beneath suspicion on many civic charges.

The statements of a criminal, for instance, one who has given evidence against the police, may be true, accurate and impartial, but a criminal cannot furnish publicity. The source is considered, and his reputation blasts his utterances. The leading traction organ discussed freely the abuses of the Chicago police force for over a year, and even at times told the plain and disagreeable truth, without ever creating a ripple of public interest.

A man having neither property nor settled abode, who can not be located or who is not responsible for his statements, will find it harder to get an audience than one who is well known and responsible.

Worst of all, imitations of public information is that hysterical, distorted olla podrida of malice, mendacity and mud known as "yellow journalism." Heaven keep us from ever reckoning this as publicity. To summarize, publicity requires:

Information in which the public is interested,
Truthfully stated in proper perspective,
Clearly stated without prejudice,
From a responsible source.

The necessity of open dealing grows in direct ratio with the number of people interested. Many of the private affairs of individuals are of no interest or moment to anyone else. Matters that pertain to the family, if that family is to be happily circumstanced, must be known to all individual members having discretion. The larger a business, the more demand there is for the absence of secrets. The abuses most bitterly complained of in the corporations and the trusts would be extinguished by openness of dealing, which would prevent discrimination, and by publicity of accounting, which would alleviate the evils of over capitalization. Banks and insurance companies are now recognized as quasi public institutions subject to inspection by a public officer, and the time has long passed when they cry out against such a measure of public control as an invasion of their private rights. But the greatest of all corporations are our governing integers, cities, states and nation, and in the ratio as these are free, in the same ratio must publicity be their life. Publicity is a *sine qua non* of popular government; for neither can our public servants be chosen nor our public measures or policies be advocated, except the elector have formed opinions and made a choice. No verdict can be given by the jury at the ballot box until the evidence is in. It is only in truthful and widely published evidence that there is hope of a sane verdict.

These remarks are general and academic, but I am fortunate in being able to bring to you some tangible evidence of what publicity has done in this city.

In 1895 the City Council had reached the lowest degradation possible in a governing body. It was not only shameless, but actually gloried in its disregard of public rights. The few men who did not suffer from what has been called "the atrophied or boodler's wrist" were objects of derision, and the word "reformer" carried with it as much of a sneer as the word "informer." The workers of iniquity seemed impregnably fortified. The majority of Chicago's wealthier citizens were interested in the corporations which were wont to ask favors of a body which rendered favors only for cash. The prosecuting power, the State's Attorney's office, was in charge of a man who appeared on the Council floor and ostentatiously shook hands with the "boys" whenever anything particularly nefarious was to be done. The worst features of municipal misrule seemed to be imbedded in the social, legal and business associations of the community. A few of us in the Council started what looked like a hopelessly unequal battle. We had been given excellent political advice that if we would be "good fellows," and at the same time save our reform faces, we would call measures by hard names and allude in general terms to the wickedness of a procedure, but should never specify, brand, post or label any particular individual as guilty of any particular piece of theft. But some of us at once realized that not by the gentle action of the flood was anything to be accomplished. Lightning which should strike the salient peaks of corruption could alone accomplish results and excite popular attention. And so in the first year of the present long struggle we proceeded to embroil ourselves with the powers of evil. We talked openly, truthfully and hard in the Council, in

the street and in all public and private places against men, individual men. We felt the disgrace into which the city was plunged, and had to make others feel it. Nobly did the press second our efforts. All honest men who knew of the real conditions were sick at heart and ready to lend a hand, and the newspaper men knew and appreciated the situation. As far as accomplishing direct results was concerned, we fought a hopeless fight, struggling ever to the limit of our strength for publicity and confidently hoping for reinforcements. This constituted the first year's war history.

As a result of the outcry the Municipal Voters' League was born under brave and able management. There was immediate realization of the prime need, and unmoved by threats, libel suits, vituperation, or a squalling for mercy, it published in sickening detail the records of outgoing aldermen, and called on the public to give them their reward. This novel procedure, entirely different from the generalities before current, brought consternation to some of the members of the gang who had pretended respectability. Some of them dropped out of the race at once; others were clubbed out at the primaries; others sought re-election, and, to their intense surprise, were defeated, but a few of these and many of the self-confessed thieves were re-elected. The League, in addition to letting the public know what their servants had been doing, went further and organized and united the aroused decency of our citizenship, and by active work at the polls made it harder for the reprobates to be returned. The League had to take many chances in its recommendations of unknown men as against known boodlers, and this quasi endorsement, made necessary by the exegencies of the case, was largely misconstrued, especially by those who were opponents of any better state of affairs in the city government. Some of the men who had been thus recommended fell from grace, and great was the joy of the "boodlers" and their co-partners in the franchise trade. The first election secured an incorruptible one-third of the Council, which held together throughout the year and which sustained the veto of the Mayor and asked for one veto which Yerkes did not want, and which accordingly was not given. It was during this year that John Maynard Harlan "broke loose," and if ever there were a worthy exponent of publicity, it is that same John Maynard Harlan—more strength to him. The veil of hypocrisy was torn from some of the leading lights of the city government. It was shown over and over that some of them voted one way respectably, on roll call, when their votes were not required by the "gang," and worked consistently in the opposite direction in committee. But public attention was focussed by this time on the most interesting fight ever seen in the city, and the League by all the means in its power kept urging the facts upon the people. Another election came, with another improvement in the number of reputable men chosen; and then a third, and it was claimed that the majority was secure. But the forces of corruption were continually at work, and still the old atmosphere of theft pervaded the Council chamber, and, in spite of all efforts, the committees were organized to do business in the old way. Then came the crucial stage of the traction fight, the tremendous outburst over the Humphrey and Allen bills, the campaign against Martin B. Madden, the worst of Aldermen and thereafter machine candidate for the United States Senate. There were the meetings at Central Music Hall and Battery D, and if ever a community were flooded with publicity, Chicago was in those days. The passage of the Allen bill and the traction companies' attempt to profit by it through the Lyman ordinance kept the pot boiling, but all assaults on public property were beaten back by an aroused public sentiment. There came a realization of Chicago's condition, which was in the nature of a confession, which was good for the soul. The people diagnosed the disease, and under disinterested leadership they proceeded to apply the remedy.

The press of Chicago, largely in hearty sympathy with public rectitude, nobly aided in the work. An insignificant portion of it held out against the movement. Some journals pretended to advocate allegiance to obsolete partisanship and thus sought to cover their real advocacy of the resultant corruption, but they were unmasked and forced into the open. What little influence they once had was lost, and they ceased to mislead or deceive the people.

Three other campaigns have been carried through by the League, each one showing an accession of decency in the City Council, each one conducted with greater success as the result of greater experience. In each successive campaign there has been demanded in the name of the people more definite pledges from those aspiring to the responsible office of Alderman.

And now Chicago can truthfully say that in place of harboring the most desperately villainous public body in the United States, it has a council of which it can be justly proud. Its committees are organized for the public welfare, and constructive work of the utmost value has been and is constantly being done.

It has been impossible to weed out all the evil in it, just as it is impososible to abolish the wickedness of a great city. There seem to be constituencies which, in spite of the light given them, have chosen to be represented by thugs, by degraded imbeciles and by unstriped convicts; the rest of the city can not reform them; it can only hope that they will redeem themselves.

The League has studied with care every local situation. It has availed itself of the political insight that comes with long experience, and after these six years of toil and struggle it has organized for the next campaign full of hope and thoroughly optimistic. In all of its work there has never been anything to conceal, but everything to publish. Publicity has been its mainstay. It would have never reached its position of benificence unless it had met with the immediate and hearty support of the reputable press of the city, and unless speaking from the platform furnished by the press, it had not touched a popular chord in the great audience of Chicago voters. The League is optimistic because it has learned to know that the public of Chicago as a whole is honest and wants decency in public office. The League is optimistic because it knows that this public under trusted leadership will organize to accomplish this result. And the League further knows that so long as it maintains the traditions of its past for fairness and truthfulness and fearlessness, it can obtain the publicity needed for continuing, and even improving, the present status of our most representative body.

Other cities that have not been so thoroughly ventilated, and that have not been through the stress and strain that we have undergone here, are casting about to see if by curtailing the power of their representative bodies and by placing more power in the hands of the executive, they can obtain better government. This is a confession that they are despairing of popular rule and are seeking respite in an elective despotism. But the main lesson to be derived from the work of the Municipal Voters' League is found in its success in so instructing the public that they made a correct diagnosis of the disease and then applied the only rational remedy.

Some general ideas occur, with which I will close. It has long since been cynically stated that the unpardonable sin in both men and dogs was being "found out." This is more than a half truth and brings with it the thought that publicity, not only tends to rectify the evil conditions in government, but actually *creates*

a public conscience. There were few of the business community in Chicago eight years ago who did more than to laugh at the tales of corruption in our government, if indeed they were not more or less directly implicated and interested in it. There are few, even among our notorious prominent citizens who do not now either profess greater civic virtue or at least more carefully cover up their civic malevolence. More than one of the ancient "boodlers" has stated that he had no realization of the wrong of his doings, and a number have had such a change of heart that they have begged, almost on their knees, for the privilege of going back into the Council for the sake of establishing a clear record.

It is to be deeply regretted that in all of the campaigns of publicity that have been waged, there has been so little direct personal impeachment of the bribe giver. It has been almost impossible to reach him, except in a general way. In a great speech which he delivered at Central Music Hall at the time of the Humphrey bill agitation, John Harlan took the brave stand of calling on the directors of a street car corporation by name, selecting those with reputations for decency, to stop the actions of their hired men in buying legislation. This excoriation probably did as much real good as any piece of publicity that this town has ever known. Not but what the same line of argument has often been followed before and since, but the time was ripe and the men who were pilloried were injudicious enough to show their wounds and to groan over their maltreatment.

Closely akin to this plaint of the injured bribe-giver is the wail that has gone up ever since the agitation started, that the so-called reformers were "fouling their own nest;" that they were driving capital away from Chicago. It arose in a shriek at the time of the notorious Blue Island ordinance, when one prominent gentleman shook the dust of the city from his feet and broadly advertised that in his departure the city had suffered a great loss in both citizenship and in capital. The swan song of Mr. Yerkes after the defeat of the Humphrey bill told of loss irreparable.

In the exit of these "practical business men" who stood for the vilest form of anarchy, that of doing away with law by the purchase of legislation, Chicago asks no sympathy of New York or London or other receptive centers.

It is strange that the Mayor of Chicago, who had so manfully opposed the villainy of our traction magnates and their tools in the Council, should have resorted so often to the same plaint of "fouling our nest." When the Public Works department was under fire we heard that the credit of the city was being injured, but the rotten system of paving was proven up and is being rectified. Criticism of a miserable farce of civil service was "hurting the cause." But the law is now being righteously enforced. It was called "disloyal" to criticise the police force, but a man in whom we can all have confidence has displaced an object of universal distrust. The grand jury is partisan in its investigation of the detective service, but there will be many changes for the better. Publicity will yet make an all around Mayor of Carter Harrison, and his response to its demands shows that he himself recognizes the fact.

It is as absurd to call publicity a "fouling of one's nest" as it is to refer to medical diagnosis as an evil, or to auditing accounts as a cause for embezzlement, or to sworn evidence in a trial as an incentive to crime. If in the view of the traction magnates, Philadelphia had been thus fouled, the streets would not have been stolen. The "befouling" now going on in New York may secure for even that metropolis a measure of decent government. All that has been accomplished in Chicago has been the result of letting in light and air. Greater cause for pride to every one of our citizens than steel mills, stock yards, university, even than the Columbian Fair, is the knowledge that almost alone among the great cities of the land, it has an honest City Council and honest civil service, and is on the up grade in all governmental departments. Only through publicity could such have been the case.

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## The Urgent Need of a Present-World Interpretation of the Bible.

We seriously need a better interpretation of the Bible's teachings on the subject of the hereafter. The old interpretation, to which orthodoxy is apparently determined to cling, has already outlived its usefulness. The theory that this world is merely an arena, in which two other worlds fight for the possession of all the earth's inhabitants, each of whom has but one lifetime here, and that death assigns all who die in infancy, and all the irresponsible idiots, ignorant heathen, and faithful Christians to heaven, and all the unsaved to hell,—this theory cannot longer be accepted. We have as a race outgrown it. The Old Testament was given in the infancy of our race, and the New in its childhood, and given in language adapted to those respective periods. It was inevitable that in early times men should interpret the Bible after the manner of children.

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But, just as our children reach an age when we do not teach them in nursery and kindergarten terms, so God expects his children some time to reach an age when they can bear a fuller disclosure of their destiny. We as a race ought now to be considered well along toward the academic period, at least, no longer needing to be taught by kindergarten methods. I am persuaded that much of our trouble about reaching the masses today is along this line. The masses have outgrown the old-time interpretations of the Bible, which preachers keep on dealing out. Many who were once with us have left us, and others are holding on by force of habit, who will yet leave us if we do not present the facts of the Bible in a way that will command the attention of full-grown men and women. Even our Sunday-school children will not hear sermons in such terms. The Dantean hell has long ago lost its power to move the masses, and the fanciful heaven we are supposed to reach by dying is really as little believed in, only we are slow to admit it. But we shall soon be forced to admit it, and preaching will be adjusted to that fact, or suffer great loss. —*From the Closing Section of Columbus Bradford's "Birth a New Chance," Recently Noticed in* UNITY.

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## A Mystery.

That sunless day no living shadow swept
Across the hills, fleet shadow-chasing light,
Twin of the sailing cloud: but mists wool-white,
Slow-stealing mists, on those heaved shoulders crept,
And wrought about the strong hills while they slept
In witches' rise and wrapt their forms from sight.
Dreams were they, less than dream, the noblest height
And farthest; and the chilly woodland wept.

A sunless day and sad: yet all the while
Within the grave green twilight of the wood,
Inscrutable, immutable, apart,
Hearkening the brook, whose song she understood,
The secret birch-tree kept her silver smile,
Strange as the peace that gleams at sorrow's heart.

*Helen Gray Cone.*

## GOOD POETRY.

**This column will for awhile present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—Eds.**

PAUL HAMILTON HOYNE.

Born in Charleston, South Carolina, January 1, 1830. His English progenitors settled in Charleston in early colonial days and furnished patriots and statesmen to America. After graduation from Charleston College, he adopted literature as his profession, and became editor of the *Literary Monthly Magazine*. He served through the Civil War on Governor Pickens' staff. When war swept away his library and in fact all his property, he settled in the "Pine Barrens" of Georgia, where he lived practically in exile until his death.

### Violets.

"Rare wine of flowers."—Fletcher.

A gusty wind, o'ersweeps the garden close,
And, where the jonquil, with the whiterod glows,
Riots like some rude hoyden uncontrolled.
But here, where sunshine and coy shadows meet,
Out gleam the tender eyes of violets sweet,
Touched by the vapory noontide's fleeting gold.

What subtlest perfume floats serenely up!
Ethereal wine that brims each delicate cup,
Rifled by viewless Ariels of the air,
And lo! methinks from out these fairy flowers
Rise the strange shades of half-forgotten hours,
Pale, tearful, mute, and yet, O heaven, how fair!

Yea, fair and marvellous, gliding gently nigh,
Some with raised brows and eyes of constancy,
Fixed with fond meaning on a goal above.
And some faint shades of weary, drooping grace,
Each with a nameless pathos on its face,
Breathing of heart-break and sad death of love.

Slowly they vanish! while these odors steep
Spirit and sense, as if in waves of sleep,
Mysterious and Lethean; languid streams
Flowing through realms of twilight thought apart,
Whereon the half-closed petals of the heart
Pulse flower-like o'er a whispering tide of dreams:
Nor wakes the soul to outward sound or sight,
Till noonday beams declining, warm and light,
A wood-breeze fans the dreamer's forehead calm;
Who feels as one long wrapped from pain and drouth,
By magic dreams dreamed in the fervid south,
Beneath the golden shadows of the palm.

### The Fallen Pine-Cone.

I lift thee, thus, thou brown and rugged cone,
Well poised and high,
Between the flowering grasses and the sky;
And, as sea-voices dwell
In the fine chambers of the ocean-shell,
So fancy's ear
Within thy numberless, dim complexities
Hath seemed ofttimes to hear
The imprisoned spirits of all winds that blow;
Winds of late autumn that lamenting moan
Across the wild sea-surges' ebb and flow;
Storm-winds of winter mellowed to a sigh,
Long-drawn and plaintive; or—how lingeringly—
Soft echoes of the spring-tide's jocund breeze,
Blent with the summer south wind, murmuring low!

What wonder, fairy cone, that thou should'st hold
The semblance of these voices, day and night,
Proudly enthroned upon the wavering height
Of yon monarchal pine, thou didst absorb
The elemental virtues of all airs,
Timid or bold,
Measures of gentle joys and wild despairs,
Breathed from all quarters of our changeful orb;
Whether with mildness freighted or with might,
Into thy form they entered, to remain
Each the strange phantom of a perished tone,
An eerie, marvellous strain
Pent in this tiny Hades made to fold
Ghosts of the heavenly couriers long ago,
Sunk as men dreamed by ocean and by shore,
Into the void of silence evermore!

## The Seventh General Meeting of the Congress of Religion.

### The United States.

*What are the public conditions in the United States today?*

Professor Frank Parsons, who has addressed your conference, has referred to them in his monograph *"Political Egypt."* These are his words:

> "That present conditions in our state, and especially our municipal politics, are such as to excite grave apprehensions no intelligent student of the times can deny. Horticulturists tell us there is a point up to which it is possible to arrest decay in fruits. Beyond it, that is impossible. Just so in the body politic. Either we must find some effectual remedy for the corruption now rampant, or of corruption reap corruption and go the way of Rome and other great nations that have preceded us. That the corruption exists and is sapping and undermining our institutions hardly needs proof. Men and newspapers of all parties and all factions add their voice to the general cry of 'Wherewith shall we cleanse our ways? * * What shall we as a people do to be saved from Boss rule and Ring politics?'"

In Pennsylvania the subversion of city governments and the seizing of their valuable franchises by an unpatriotic, corrupt and avaricious state ring has been accomplished with the smallest public protest, and with shocking disregard for the judgment of the world. Similar acts have been done in other states.

In the greatest municipalities, such as New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, notoriously, crime and vice have been put under protection by the authorities for money and for votes and influence; the public service has grown to be enormous and extravagant, but inefficient; honest competition has ceased in public work, which goes by subterfuge to those who will pay for the privilege of doing inferior work; the police power as it affects the various trades, occupations and conditions, is withheld for money and for political favor, and is imposed ruthlessly for extortion and for political punishment; permits and franchises go by favor and for cash. Every one of the vast number of governmental functions in modern life is capitalized, and worked remorselessly and shamefully for all it is worth, the bosses and their associates hesitating not to declare that they are making private business of the city's functions, and working for their own pockets all the time.

These conditions are conspicuous in the great cities, and the shame of it all is abroad through the earth; and the smaller cities and communities are following in the same line, so that it is hard to find one of them that has not its boss, its ring, and its civic scandal.

There are some notable things about this carnival of civic corruption:

(1) The officials who engage in it are bold and defiant, fearing neither criminal punishment, nor political defeat, nor social ostracism.

(2) They do not seem to realize that any shame attaches to their acts, nor to be open to the ordinary desire to be esteemed of men and to be famed for virtues and good deeds.

(3) Their open and defiant course succeeds, the people electing, and generally re-electing, the most venal and extravagant governments.

(4) The spirit of independence and freedom has greatly deteriorated, so that all classes of citizens, including the wealthy, intelligent and influential, submit to almost intolerable oppressions and impositions without making public exposure and

protest, because they fear personal or business injuries and hurtful discriminations.

No well informed person will deny the statement that under our minutely framed system of city governments, touching every man and every occupation at many points, citizens suffer daily more grievous impositions and injuries by officials and by politically favored corporations, contractors and other individuals than those which provoked revolution in these same communities only a hundred and twenty-five years ago.

It is hard to believe that the people of our great cities are of the same race as those who so short time ago braved England and suffered the hardships of seven years of war in resistance to governmental aggression and imposition.

What has produced the difference?

The answer is inevitable; it is:

*The deterioration and the Perversion of civic conscience.*

Our people, our communities, and even the nation, are prone to err in two great points:

Ambition and Avarice.

Humanity is most beautifully, most nobly developed, and that moral force is giving to the Nation its superb prominence and potency in world affairs; but in these other matters which lie at the bottom of the temptations of every person in his social and business affairs, the individuals err and the communities err; and because of their conscious weakness in these matters they cannot and do not effectively and successfully rebuke and overthrow the political officials who in their fields of activity are only applying the fashionable methods for achievement and for success.

Every man is seeking to make money, to make lots of it, to make it quick, to make it by the least possible exertion; he is seeking to rise above his fellows and to be more notable, more powerful, more rich then they.

Business life and social life are filled with deception and fraud, and with selfishness and brutality.

Politicians know this, and they know that the consciences of the people are not equal to the task of fighting them,—nay, are hardly equal to the effort of analyzing and stating their wrong-doing.

Do legislatures disgrace a state by granting franchises for bribes? The money is paid to them by business men, to avoid paying a proper price to the community, or to secure advantages over rivals.

Do they pass business bills under the dictation of their boss? Business men secure this favorable dictation by making contributions to the boss's "campaign funds."

Are valuable permits granted to favored corporations without any compensation to the city? They are granted at the behest of the strongest and richest business men.

Do officials connive at dishonest bids, and do they corruptly permit favored contractors to violate their specifications? The bribes and commissions are paid by the business men, who do not thereby lose their position in the community, but who the rather are looked upon as smart and fortunate.

Are the streets encumbered with obstructions which the officials permit to exist because they are paid? The men who pay are our merchants and storekeepers by the thousands.

Do officials take bribes to excuse citizens from jury duty, and from putting fire escapes on their tenements, and from complying with multitudes of ordinances? Our respectable citizens pay those bribes to escape from their burdens and their duties.

Do politicians exact large sums of money and all patronage from the judicial and other candidates whom they nominate? It is the eminent lawyers, the reputable aspirants for office who pay these assessments and yield to these exactions.

Do gamblers and harlots purchase protection from the police authorities and then, unmolested, demoralize the youth of the city? The best of the people know it, and heed it little, while hundreds of storekeepers and house owners insist that their business affairs are prospered by a wide-open policy.

Are builders compelled to pay money to city officials? They pay to be permitted to violate the laws and the building regulations.

(No doubt very many of these payments are made unwillingly, and because those who exact them are powerful enough to crush those who refuse, but the fact remains that on account of a general condition of moral deterioration, men believe they have to do those immoral, degrading, enslaving acts to protect their financial interests.)

The corrupt officials and politicians find their support not only in the partnership with them of business men and of citizens generally in their specific acts of crime, but because notoriously business methods are cursed with the same degeneracy, the result of the mad race for wealth and power in which Conscience is all lost.

While the Tweed Ring was at its height of power, the most prominent financial men of the city were engaged in business movements (such, for instance, as the manipulation of the Erie Railroad), which were monumental for their remorseless villainy.

Within a very recent period, the splendid property of the Third Avenue Railroad in New York City was wrecked by political conspiracy and by "business methods."

The directors of the company determined to change its motive power. They employed a political firm to do that work, on a contract to pay them a profit of ten per cent on labor and fifteen per cent on material. It was generally understood that they were constrained to employ this firm because of the power that the present politicians' government has to hamper and injure a quasi-public corporation. Thousands of men were set to work digging excavations, removing tracks and cables, and installing new track and electric appliances. The loafing of this army of workmen was a topic of general comment and criticism by the public and by the newspapers. Stockholders made unsuccessful protests. As an example of the conduct of the workmen, it was observed that it took two men a whole day to fasten a bolt into a rail.

The railroad company had the right under the contract to discharge inefficient workmen, and yet it failed to protect itself effectively. The expenditures for labor and material were enormous, and presently the company failed and went into the hands of a receiver. The directors were severely criticised, but made no public defense. The stock fell rapidly from 125 to a trifle over 50. Then it was publicly stated that the stockholders would probably be assessed. Many estates and widows and orphans and private investors held stock, and they became panic-stricken. Then the president of the Metropolitan Street Railway gave out an interview in which he declared that the Third Avenue Railroad was of no value to his system, and that his railroad would not buy it. This completed the panic, and the stock was thrown upon the market, bought in at the lowest prices by the Metropolitan Railway, which at once became its owner, and caused the discharge of the receiver, whereupon the price returned to 125. It is now a valuable part of the system of the Metropolitan Railroad, which has an almost open partnership with the ruling politicians of the city.

The conduct of this and of many other great and powerful corporations and capitalists has been marked

by that greed of gain and that obtuseness of conscience which pervade the community.

Though these things are realized by all well-informed citizens, there are few who dare state them, and fewer who dare antagonize them, because each man realizes that such a course jeopardizes his own prospects for money-making and for elevation.

All movements for the restoration of purity in our government must deal directly with corrupt officials, but if they stop there, treating such persons as independent products, they will not reach the fruitful roots of the evil.

The remedy is proposed by Professor Parsons and many others in "Direct Nominations" and "Direct Legislation through the Initiative and Referendum."

Undoubtedly there should be the directest possible connection between the people and their government. Dirct nominations, direct responsibility of officials, direct legislative movements,—these are the rights of a free and intelligent people in a popular government; but they do not reach the fundamental difficulty, which is nothing less than a general deterioration and perversion of conscience resulting in our emasculated patriotism.

Just as revivals of religion are prayed and worked for, so should a revival of conscience and of simple patriotism be labored for. The responsibility for such a movement first rests upon the religious, ethical and philanthropic societies of the country.

There is enough in present conditions to lead to a fraternizing of all these bodies, and to a united movement for the re-establishment of the old-fashioned principles of morality in the consciences of the people, and for the virile application thereof to business and to public affairs.

No greater needs calls upon your CONGRESS OF RELIGION.

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### Religion as a Factor in Citizenship.

*An Address Before the Congress of Religion at Buffalo, June 28, 1901, by John A. Taylor, New York City.*

Ladies and Gentlemen: I am going to detain you but a very few minutes in discussing one of the most important subjects which I think the opening century presents to us, and it is the possibility of religion being an active, potent factor in our citizenship.

Now, if we were to undertake to define citizenship or religion we should meet with some difficulty I think in exactly agreeing upon the minor features of the definitions. But I take it that we should all agree, here in this audience tonight, upon what we thought were the essential principles in a religious life. And I think we should find it to rest largely upon the surrender of the individual to the control of high spiritual laws; and that we should see that all the great leaders of all the different religions in the past have had as the all-compelling attractive force to their doctrines the principle of self-abnegation. We call it love, we call it reverence, we call it fealty, we call it submission to the supernatural power, but after all it is simply the renouncing of the individual self, the acknowledgement that there is a controlling power above and around us to which we must pay fealty and obedience; that principle which was at the bottom of all the martyrs of all ages, that principle which is at the bottom of every person everywhere who gives of himself for the general good. Do we ever stop really to think how this great boon of citizenship has come to us? Man in the early ages marched to battle to found the smallest privileges of citizenship; and it is perhaps less than a hundred years that in any general sense the people have been rulers or had the power to rule. The noblest trait that can come to a human being, the thing that demonstrates beyond everything else the superiority of man to the brute, is this power of participating in and being part of the government at large; and yet I undertake to say that no privilege which we have do we hold so lightly. This, the most valuable of all our political privileges, this privilege of exercising the right of citizenship every day is handed over to a class of men to whom we would never think of entrusting the least important of our business or family affairs. We ought as American citizens to put on sackcloth and ashes when we think of what a vile thing we are making of that which our fathers gave their lives to provide for us.

At any election in this city or any large city you will find that five per cent at least of the people who have the right and with whom it ought to be a pressing duty to vote, absolutely refrain from exercising the right of suffrage; and yet, if we proposed by constitutional enactment to take away the privilege of voting, these very men probably would be shouldering their muskets to shoot down their fellow men in order to maintain this noble right of exercising their choice of government in the community in which they live.

Now I say as to that religion and as to that citizenship: The religion is worthless which does not affect the citizenship; and the citizenship is degraded which is not controlled by that kind of religious feeling. The common belief of justice and injustice which lies at the root of the exercise of citizenship should be moulded by the principles of religious government which we acknowledge in our religious life. When I refer to citizenship I am not speaking of that high function which comes to a man when he is elected to an office in the community. Why men, respectable men, come into this splendid edifice, this beautiful room, Sunday after Sunday, and pay their tithes to religion, doing what to them is a somewhat uncomfortable service, and then they go out into their daily business and think that they have made their passport clear to the eternal skies and have nothing more to do with religion. I venture to say that no man who has the religious spirit will say that that sort of religion is of use either to the man himself or to the community in which he lives. And just the same, there are men in the community who pay their tithes to the political heelers and political manipulators, satisfied to pay out of their revenues a given annual sum to discharge their political duties and to secure the action they think is profitable.. And these men, having done that, cease to remember that they are the vital reforming part of this great civilization in which we all are sharers. They have only begun to do their duty in the community when they have been simply peaceful citizens; they have only entered upon the threshold of making their country great and grand when they have done this little duty of voting at the polls, surrendering power into the hands of professional politicians who seek only their private gain in the administraation of that power. We want a citizenship here commensurate with the splendid opportunities of advance and development which our territorial position and our national position in the world give us the right to have. And we shall have that citizenship not at all until there shall come into the hearts and minds of the citizens themselves the same lofty principle of high action, of righteous movement, of an intelligent and widespread regard for the advantage of the community as a whole, which is seen to be in every page of ancient history the real root of all national advances..

We are fond of saying that we are living in a splendid age. We are pointing to the things we have achieved and we are saying with pride that it is worth while to live in this enlightened age. But we are sowing the seeds of dissolution in our country if we do not bring into our citizenship a higher standard of morality, something better than the self-seeking of our politicians.

I am told that the most beautiful and entrancing feature of this Pan-American Exposition is the electrical display furnished us in such brilliant profusion. It seems but a little while since we were saying that electricity was a most beautiful thing and had in it the possibilities of great accomplishment, but that unfortunately it required the steam engine and great waste of fuel and economy to bring it into play. And yet the people of this state have harnessed another element of nature to the work of supplanting this costly production of electricity, and here you have today the great, ever present, simple, powerful force in the water at Niagara which is turning into brilliant beauty and light this vision of grandeur that you have here on these evenings of the Exposition. It is a marvelous credit to the genius of human beings that one force of nature should play into the other force and united that there should come out beauty, ecstacy of color, and all those beautiful things.

Is it not possible, ladies and gentlemen, that there shall be some such merging of religion and citizenship? Is it not true that the great, splendid, moral force of a truth-seeking religion—not a religion of spasms, not a religion dallying too much with the harps on the other shore, but the religion in the heart and fiber of the man which rules his thoughts, which controls his action, shall come and put its benificent mantle over our splendid citizenship, and that we shall in the coming century perhaps give to the world a more splendid example of what a new republic can do, in the fact that we shall have lifted our standard of citizenship to such a plane of moral grandeur that it shall far outvie the natural resources of which we are so justly proud?

## Shasta.

Majestic Mount, communing with the skies,
Yet ever mindful of the humbler earth
Whose travail in far ages gave thee birth,
How royal art thou in thy ministries!
To thee the town-tired pilgrims lift glad eyes;
Thou storest tribute of the icy North,
And from thy thousand caverns pourest forth
Refreshment o'er the land that round thee lies.
Thou signalest the mornings, as they rise,
Unto the waiting vales and hills below;
And when the day in solemn splendor dies,
Thy snows still redden with its latest glow.
The ancient stars come forth upon their way,
While thou hold'st watch, steadfast and calm as they.

*—F. L. Hosmer in the Pacific Unitarian.*

## Joseph Le Conte.

It was my privilege to know Dr. Joseph Le Conte for many years, but I was never brought into close relation with him until my connection with the university. He said to me one day: "We were in Harvard together a long time ago, and we ought to know each other better." It was true that in 1850 we were both pursuing post-graduate studies at Cambridge, but in different schools. We roomed near each other, but, following different paths, we never met till we came together on the shores of the Pacific. I was but too happy to respond to his invitation to a better acquaintance. We met more often, and the memory of those pleasant hours and of his cheerful, sunny face will brighten the rest of my life. His name adds luster to this university, and his fame reaches the limits of the world of science, but his memory belongs to those who knew him.

Not long ago I asked a friend what was the potent influence that attracted him to Dr. Le Conte. He answered at once, "His human sympathy." And it seemed to me these few words expressed the secret of his power.

With all his distinction, he never lost his simplicity and gentleness. Amid the laborious cares of his daily duties he always lent a willing ear to the humblest questioner. Love and goodness filled his heart to overflowing. His daily life was the practical expression of a soul grounded on deep religious convictions. External nature, whose phenomena he delighted so much to investigate, was to him only the manifestation of the indwelling God, and his own moral being rejoiced in the constant presence of the Infinite Father.

Above his scientific research and beyond his philosophic speculation was the vision of the great source of light and love which cheered and illumined his life. Above all secondary causes he saw the Great First Cause which framed and guided the universe; above and beyond all philosophical speculations he felt the Great Heart of love which throbbed in unison with his own.

He lived very close to nature, and when in his mountain camping trips he lay down to sleep under the giant trees and looked up through their interlacing branches to the glittering stars, he thanked the giver of all good gifts for the robe of lavish beauty he had spread over the world for the delight of his children.

The simplicity and gentleness of his heart made him susceptible to every kind act. I remember when a party of students invited him to join them in a camping trip among the Sierras. On his return I asked him how he had enjoyed himself. He answered, with great glee: "Oh, we had a fine time. We camped out under the trees and slept in our blankets all the way. The boys were very good to me. They took care of my horse, and did the cooking, and washed the dishes. I had nothing to do but to enjoy myself. Yes, the boys were very good to me." And what a privilege for those boys!

It was a wonderful combination—that freshness of youth with the wisdom of age. To be revered by the old and at the same time to be loved and sought for by the young is a rare experience.

While honors were heaped upon him, academic and scientific, to the student he was always "Doctor Joe." He knew it, and it pleased him, and he always kept in close touch with them. They remembered his birthday with offerings of flowers, and when the day came for them to leave their Alma Mater and go out into the world, they carried his image in their hearts. Wherever there is a graduate of the university to-day his tribute is going up with ours—incense upon the altar of his memory.

One day we were talking of these very things, and I said to him: "I do not envy any man his lot, but if the good Lord should say to me to-night, 'You must change places with somebody in the world; whom will you choose?' I should answer: 'With Dr. Joseph Le Conte; he gets more out of life than anybody I know.'"

He got more out of life because he was in sympathy with the best; his sympathetic imagination sought for good rather than evil in every man. He looked for the best, and the divine spark flashed forth in reply. This clothed his world with moral beauty, and he lived happy in many friends.

The power of such a life is hard to estimate. For thirty years his name has been a tower of strength to the university, not simply for his scientific fame and intellectual attainments, but even more for his moral strength and beauty. His life has been woven into thousands of young expanding lives in this western commonwealth, and his cheerful hopes have lighted up their homes.

The power of such a life cannot be estimated. You have felt it; I have felt it, and the world is better that he has lived.—*Horace Davis, in The Pacific Unitarian.*

# THE STUDY TABLE.

## Brief Mention.

In clearing the editorial table for a new start it is a pleasure to handle the book accumulations of the summer before consigning them to their permanent place on the shelves, and give to our readers a word of comment and appreciation. Some of them have already received more careful notice in these columns; others will doubtless come in for future mention.

To begin with, here are seven books from the PUTNAMS which illustrate the wide thought-range, the high standard and the excellent workmanship of this house, that has been so large an element in the intellectual development of this country, that occupies so respectable a place in the esteem and confidence of the book lover. Here is the third volume in the series of "INTERNATIONAL HANDBOOKS TO THE NEW TESTAMENT," by the editor of the series, Dr. Orello Cone, of St. Lawrence University, the Epistles of doubtful authorship, including Hebrews, Colossians, Ephesians, Philemon, the Pastoral Epistles, James, First and Second Peter and Jude, with a valuable supplement in the way of a sketch of the history of the New Testament canon. This series awaits Professor Forbes' book on the Fourth Gospel and Acts to complete the series. This will be the first complete series of books from a confessedly "liberal" standpoint published for many a year upon the New Testament, but they will commend themselves to a wide circle of scholars and Bible students outside of the so-called "liberal" denominations. Next we come upon the "OFFICIAL BOOK OF THE HALL OF FAME," prepared by the Chancellor of the New York University. It is more than a description of the unique building on the university heights near New York; it is a study in American history, a search for our truly great names and as such it is a valuable handbook for children of the high school age. "PETER ABELARD" finds a modern biographer in Joseph McCabe, who brings his story of the great liberal teacher and the devoted lover of the middle ages within the reach of eye and purse of the hurried American reader, a beautiful piece of book-making, a delightful subject delightfully handled. "TILL THE DOCTOR COMES AND HOW TO HELP HIM" is one more and the last and on that account we should think the best little book of this kind. The work of Dr. George H. Hope of England revised and partly re-written by Dr. Mary Mitchell Kydd. It is a book that ought to be read before the accident happens and near at hand when the accident befalls. "WILDERSMORE," by C. L. Artrobus, "MRS. GREEN," by Evelyne Elsye Rynd and "THE DEATH OF THE GODS," by Dmitri Merejkowski represent the three novels at hand from this house. The last mentioned most attracts us. It is the first of an historical trilogy from the pen of a young Russian which some critics offer as a worthy successor of Tolstoy and Turgenieff. The trilogy constitutes a study in early Christian history, the three books being entitled "The Death of the Gods," "The Resurrection of the Gods" and the "Anti-Christ." The translation is by Mr. Herbert Trench, of Oxford. It tempts closer study. "Mrs. Green" is a character study in dialect. We like local color and confess to a sneaking relish for dialect work, but we are not sure that we are prepared for quite so much color and such decisive and continuous "Hinglish" work as this character sketch offers. But evidently she is worth cultivating. Of "Wildersmoor" we can only speak of the attractive covers, the mystifying title, and leave others, who have more time than we have, to experiment upon this "one more novel." If it survives Emerson's test and lives a year it will be time enough for us to read it. But UNITY will be glad to report on any one else's reading if submitted to us in due form.

Of the HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY books but three remain on the editorial table not otherwise provided for. But these three include the little volume of one hundred and six pages containing "POEMS," by WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY, which we suspect is the most prophetic thing in the realm of literature that has come from the American press this year. We have already commended and reported his lines more than once, but the "Ode in Times of Hesitation" and on "A Soldier Fallen in the Philippines" are not the only strong things in this little book. One will look far in English literature before they will find such a combination of humor and philosophy, science and poetry as in the "Menagerie." The only fitting recommendation concerning this book is.—Buy it, study it and hope for more. "A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE SALOONS," by Raymond Calkins, is a most important contribution to current sociology. It is the third volume published by the committee of fifty for the investigation of the liquor problem. Honorable Seth Low is president of this committee; Professor Francis G. Peabody, of Cambridge, is secretary. The list of fifty is an imposing one and guarantees high work. We commend this book not only to the technical temperance worker but to preachers and aldermen, parents and school teachers who wring their hands impotently over the last drunken scandal while they ask, "What can we do about it." There are plenty of things for you to do about it if you only would. It is not the *way* but the *will* that is wanting. We are too old to judge of the literary value of "THE LONESOMEST DOLL," by Abbie Farwell Brown, but we should think it would go quite to the right place. We commend it to the literary critic—age five or six.

Among the other books on our table is Lewis Bayles Paton's "Early History of Syria and Palestine" (Scribner's). It is the last volume in the "Semitic Series" edited by Professor Craig, of the University of Michigan. It is one more, and because the latest in many respects necessarily the best exhibit of how the Jewish story fits into the larger story of the world. One gets a fresh hold on the Bible as one comes into a realizing sense of contemporary civilizations, particularly the almost lost world of the Hittites and the Aramean nations. A host of theological ghosts which haunt the minister's study are laid forever by the study of such a book as this. "THE NATIONAL ANTI-TRUST CONFERENCE" held in Chicago in 1900 was a passing event, but it dealt with permanent problems, and this solid report of five hundred and eighty-six pages bound in cloth contains much matter that will repay study. The portraits of those taking part form an attractive feature of the volume, but the book itself is a contribution to current sociology not to be overlooked.

Some years ago Frank O. Small's illustrations of "SAUL" was a sumptuous holiday book too elegant for use and too costly for most people. The CROWELL HOUSE have reduced in size the illustrations, which are yet admirably clear and honestly interpretative of the text, and the elegant little book can be obtained now for as many dimes as the original edition cost dollars. Those who desire a beter acquaintance with this great religious classic will find this little book much to their needs.

Frank Newland Doud, M. D., has put forth a little book entitled "EVOLUTION OF THE INDIVIDUAL" (Reynolds Publishing Company, Chicago). Vibrations is his key to the mystery and explanation of the methods. If we only knew what it is that vibrates or had some light on the vibrator it would help us in this quest.

Rev. John Stockton Axtell, Ph. D., has given us a substantial book of nearly four hundred pages on "THE

MYSTERY OF BAPTISM" (Funk & Wagnalls, New York). Starting with the Pagan as well as Jewish roots of this Christian rite, he tries to bring it down to date still clothed upon with spiritual potency.

We do not think we believe in the publishing of love letters. If they are genuine they were not meant for public gaze and their publication is a violation of the sanctities. If they are fictitious, they are not interesting, however well written. But those who like this kind of thing may like the attempt of some one to furnish "AN ANSWER" to the now famous "ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE LETTERS" (Frank F. Lovell, New York).

We have often commended the Sunday School material prepared by our liberal friends across the ocean. Here is a little six penny book entitled "INFORMATION CONCERNING THE HISTORY AND GROWTH OF THE BIBLE" (Elliot Stock, No. 62 Paternoster Row, London), which is packed full of suggestive and informing dates and data. It is the result of modern criticism written thumb-nail fashion.

"EDWARD CARPENTER, POET AND PROPHET," by Ernest Crosby (*The Conservator*, Philadelphia), is a beautiful pamphlet telling in a beautiful way the story of the beautiful life of this poet sandal-maker of England. This man, standing somewhere between Walt Whitman and John Ruskin, partakes of the sweetness and strength of both and is to be better known.

And lastly, we come to a belated notice of the little book that gave us so much pleasure on its arrival but has failed of receiving the notice which our heart promptly dictated. It is "SOME IMPRESSIONS OF GEORGE JULIAN" by his daughter. Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke has here accomplished a delicate task in a beautiful way. The daughter has been able to hold the father off at arm's length long enough to give us in admirable perspective the beautiful proportions of that manly spirit, who belonged to the race of giants that achieved the noble things for this country which are ever in danger of going unappreciated and underestimated by their successors of these days. George Julian could have been a man of society, a man of letters, a gentleman of culture and of leisure, if he had not been so much in earnest and given his life so generously to unpopular causes, to the freedom and equality of the humble and the helpless. This little book, fittingly clothed in Quaker gray, was privately published, but we believe a few copies were placed in the Bowen-Merrill bookstore of Indianapolis. Collectors of the heroic in American literature cannot afford to leave this little book out of their collections.

## Notes.

An admirable book every way.* It is filled with keen observation, and careful investigation. The style is clear, and free of egotism—which is seldom absent from the writings of our new social reformers. There is not a better review of Mormonism in our literature. The discussion of the Negro problems is in almost all respects discriminating. Not enough account, however, is made of the innate race struggle. It is a fact that not a word can be urged against the action of the whites of the South, that could not be said of us at the North. It is unfortunate that 98 per cent. of the Negroes of the South vote the Republican ticket and as Mr. Spahr says will never vote anything else; while 93 per cent of the whites vote the Democratic ticket. This political struggle is apparently to continue for generations. It is easy for us to see the ethics in the case; it would not be easy for us to apply them. At this very moment there is a social barrier in the North between whites and blacks as persistent as at the South; but it is of a different turn. I assure you that this book is as interesting as it is entertaining. The author takes up the Factory Towns of New England; and the New Factory Towns of the South. He discusses the Coal Miners of Pennsylvania, and the Trades Union Movement in Chicago. An exceedingly useful chapter is on the Northern Farm. I recommend the book in the strongest terms.

*America's Working People. By Charles B. Spahr. Published by Longmans Green & Co., New York.

Having read Eben Holden with immense satisfaction, I took up this book prejudiced in its favor. It is a bundle of unsatisfactory studies, that ought to have been worked over for a year longer before publication. The book is not even interesting until you get to the middle of it, where some of the fighting is fairly well described. Things happen so astonishingly to help the author out, or to help him along, that the narrative gets to be but little else than unnatural coincidences. D'ri always turns up just where he is needed; and so does everybody else. The secret society scene is ludicrous; and there is a certain Lordship who comes into the play, about as natural as Mephistophiles. The description of the battle that Perry fought on the Lakes is excellent. We hope Mr. Bacheller will take time hereafter to do his best—as he did in Eben Holden, but has not done in D'ri and I.

E. P. P.

## Poetic Portraiture.

On this particular corner of the Study Table there has fallen a book which should be passed around. It is the "Blue Grass Ballads" by Col. Wm. Lightfoot Visscher.

Our country has few, if any, more interesting sections than that border-land of Kentucky where, through all our national history, Indian and immigrant, Negro and White, Northerner and Southerner, have met. Long the "Dark and Bloody Ground" of race feud and civil war, it is ever the romantic nurse of fair women and brave men, and the idyllic land of generous hospitality and enduring friendship.

Born and reared in this region and familiar with all adjacent territory, its physical features and its citizen-types stand out like silhouettes against the background of the author's memory. In the process of objectifying these in graceful and flowing verse, Colonel Visscher creates a gallery of portraits which enables every son of that section to say:

> . . "the pastures of Kentucky,
> And the fields of Tennessee,
> The bloom of all the Southland
> And the old-time melody;
> The vales, and streams, and mountains;
> The bay of trailing hounds;
> The neigh of blooded horses
> And the farm-yard's cheery sounds;
> The smiles of wholesome women
> And the hail of hearty men,
> Come sweeping back in fancy,
> And, behold! I'm young again."

Long past conditions, scenes and characters, sports and labors, the realities and the memories of this famous Blue Grass region find here a triumphant resurrection. There is a lot of good poetry, fine description, lofty sentiment, patriotic fervor, refreshing humor and clear-cut portraiture in this collection.

G. R. P.

D'ri and I. By Irving Bacheller. Published by Lothrop Publishing Company, of Boston.

"Blue Grass Ballads and Other Verse." By William Lightfoot Visscher. Chicago: Colvin Publishing Co., 1900. Cloth. 12mo. Pp. 222. $1.25 postpaid by the Author, Chicago Press Club.

# THE HOME.

## Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Rooted and grounded in love to others, we comprehend best the love of God to ourselves.

MON.—Obedience to a divine prompting transforms it into a permanent acquisition.

TUES.—Pray not that loss and change may cease.
Pray, rather, higher heights to win!

WED.—Others must be partakers of our blessedness, if we would make it divine.

THURS.—Only undaunted hearts scale heaven and win.

FRI.—Even in so simple a thing as the stout bearing of life's daily burdens, there is transfiguration of soul.

SAT.—The power to suffer and *endure*—at the same time growing thereby,—this is the measure of the Spirit's heights and depths.

—*James H. West.*

## Heart's Sunshine.

Oh, if only those who love us
Would but tell us while we live,
And not wait until life's journey
Ended is before they give
The smile we hunger after,
Tender words we long to hear,
Which we listened for, but vainly,
For many a weary year.

There is much of pain and sorrow
All must bear, and bear alone,
Yet how helpful is the sunshine
Of a cheery look and tone!
How it brightens up life's pathway
And dispels the shadows grim
And restores our shattered idols,
Which we built in days now dim!

Then bestow your sunshine freely,
Let it shine from out your eyes,
Let it speak in warm hand pressures,
Let it breathe in heartfelt sighs;
Let it cheer the fainting spirit
Of some brother in distress,
Let it thrill our jarring voices
With a note of tenderness.

—*The Truth Seeker.*

## The Mind of a Child.

By far the most interesting age at which to watch a child develop is that between the years of two and six. Inasmuch as this is just the kindergarten age the kindergarten teacher has a rare privilege. How they do ask questions! To an adult, the world and life present many problems for consideration, but to the child, every new phase of things comes as a riddle and a mystery. What wonder, then, if his whole being is one big interminable question, and his tongue a vitalized interrogation point? No one within range is exempt from the fire of his queries. "Mamma, what makes the fire burn?" "Papa, where does the wind go?" "Aunty, who brings the little babies?" Most of all must the teacher stand and deliver. He expects replies from her that shall be immediate and satisfactory, and consequently his respect for her superior wisdom is often as embarrassing as it is flattering.

We have a woolly black kitten which is the pet of all the circle. One day one little chap handled it so roughly that the cat rebelled and scratched the boy's face. He came to tell me of it. "Well," I said, "you hurt it. If you keep on, some day the cat will scratch your eyes out; and it will only serve you right."

The little monkey knew that I was fond of him, so he said: "Would you be sorry if Tim scratched my eyes out?"

"Not if you had tortured him. It would only serve little boys right who had been cruel."

He was thoughtful for awhile, and then concluded: "Well, you might say that at first, but I bet you'd be sorry the next day."

No more can you coerce a child's affections. He likes those whom he likes, "and there's an end on't." He takes us into his confidence only upon condition that we are worthy of it. He tells us just as plainly of our faults as of our virtues, for the thing that no child readily learns is why he may express his likes but not his dislikes. Not only does this hold true of people, but of things and principles as well. A thoughtful six-year-old, upon returning one day from Sunday school, where I had been her teacher, startled her mother by asking, apropos of nothing:

"Mamma, which do you love most, me or God?"

Almost every one can remember the strange mistakes they made as children in misunderstanding words and phrases. Witness a child's parody of a passage from Ezekiel: "Behold an injun (angel) came down from New Haven (Heaven) and took a live colt (coal) from the halter (altar)." I recall my own early version of the first line of the Lord's prayer: "Our Father who are in Heaven, hallo, what be thy name?" On a parallel with both of these was the mistake of a youngster who was using the word "hang" as though to make a byword of it. "Hang the rainy weather!" "Hang George Grey! He ate my candy," etc. When I reproved him he said: "Well, the minister says it." When I expressed some doubt, Tommy explained: "He stands up every Sunday and says, 'Hang all the law and the prophets!'" One afternoon I taught a class of six small boys in Sunday school. The lesson was a chapter in St. Mark's Gospel. The boys gave close attention to the stories of the miracles, and were all eyes and ears—that is, all except one little chap. He was silent, but he squirmed and wiggled and showed plainly how much he was bored. Finally, when I came to the expression, "He healed many that were sick of divers diseases," he could not stand it any longer, but broke out with: "Huh! Divers' bells hadn't been invented in those days, so there weren't any divers. Could there have been divers' diseases? I guess nit!"

There was a little fellow who was curious to know, "What is that thing inside that tells me what to do and what not to do?" I explained that it was his conscience, and that conscience was "God speaking in us." A week later he was caught on his way to school beating a smaller boy unmercifully. He was brought before me, and I took him to task for it.

"Were you beating Jack?" I said.

Instead of denying, he admitted frankly, "Yes."

"But why did you do such a naughty thing?"

He rehearsed our conversation of the week before, and then explained, "He wanted my ball, and God inside of me told me to hit him."—*Hannah Williston in the Junior Munsey.*

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All the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this;
Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

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Make the low nature better by your throes!
Give earth yourself, go up for gain above!

# UNITY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago

$2.00 per annum. In Clubs of ten or more, $1.00 per annum.



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## THE FIELD.

*"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."*

CHICAGO.—*Mr. Pulsford's Down-Town Class:* Encouraged by the popularity and evident effectiveness of the weekly normal class-talks given by Rev. W. H. Pulsford at Boston during past years, the directors of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society have arranged for a similar series to be given at the Unitarian rooms, 175 Dearborn street. The first series will treat of the Old Testament stories and will be given at half-past two on Saturday afternoon. Laymen and lay women wishing to become familiar with the charm of the Old Testament narratives in the light of modern criticism are cordially invited to attend.——*A Reception to Mrs. Davis:* The Associated Women's Alliances of Chicago will hold an informal reception Friday afternoon, Oct. 18 (from half-past three to half-past five) at the Unitarian headquarters, 175 Dearborn street, in honor of Mrs. Mary B. Davis, of New York. Mrs. Davis, who is corresponding secretary of the National Alliance of Unitarian and other Christian Women, will on this occasion give a brief address on the work in which she is so deeply interested. As this is the first large gathering to be held in the new rooms of the Western Unitarians, it is planned to serve as a housewarming as well, hence all friends of the headquarters will be welcome, regardless of sex.

## Foreign Notes.

*New India.*—This is the name adopted by a new weekly published in Calcutta with the motto "For God, humanity and the fatherland." Its editor is Mr. Bipinchandra Pal. Its first issue was that of August 12. The following extracts from Mr. Pal's leading editorial of that date explain the name and the ideals of the newspaper:

"*New India* is neither Hindu—though the Hindus unquestionably form the original stalk and staple of it—nor Mohammedan—though they have made very material contributions to it—nor even British—though they are politically masters of the country now—but is made up of the varied and valuable materials supplied in successive stages of its evolution by the three great world-civilizations, which the three great sections of the present Indian community represent.

"India has, from time immemorial, been the sacred confluence of many cultures. However primitive in character, even the pre-Aryan aboriginal culture made some contributions to Indian evolution. Next came the Aryan settlers, and the civilization they developed received in its turn valuable contributions from Greek contact and culture. Then we had the internal movements of Buddhism and Jainism, and the Brahminic culture, which came in contact and conflict with those of Islam, was the product of all these forces. The Mohammedans, in their own turn, made material contributions to the development of Indian civilization, and with the British connection it has received a fresh impetus from the modern thought and civilizations of the West.

"*New India* can, therefore, no more ignore the ancient spiritual treasures of the Hindus than the higher elements of Mohammedan culture, or the intellectual and moral ideals of modern European civilization. Its standpoint is intensely national in spirit, breathing the deepest veneration for the spiritual, moral and intellectual achievements of *Indian* civilization, and distinctly *universal* in inspiration, reaching out to all that is noblest and loveliest in *Western culture*. It cannot, therefore, have any sympathy with that blind conservatism which seeks, in every matter, to maintain the existing order, irrespective of all considerations of its fitness or otherwise for modern life and ideals. Nor can it side with that rash and reckless iconoclasm, to which every change is a change for the better. But it must be reasonably conservative in the interests of order and thoroughly liberal in the cause of progress.

"Of all the perplexing problems that confront *New India* the economic problem seems, to our mind, the most pressing and important. A sound economic basis is not only essential for national advancement but for the very continuance of national life itself. Modern India has, however, all but completely lost this fundamental economic basis. What hope is there for a nation whose consuming capacity, per head, is not more than three rupees a year, or only fourpence a month? But serious, as in all conscience, the economic condition of the country admittedly is, far more serious to us appears the officially sanctioned remedy applied to improve it. The introduction of foreign—and mostly British—capital for working out the natural resources of the country, instead of being a help is, in fact, the greatest of hindrances to all real improvements in the economic condition of the people. This exploitation of the land by foreign capitalists threatens to involve both government and people in a common ruin. In the interests of both it must be put a stop to. It is as much a political as it is an economic danger. And the future of *New India* absolutely depends upon an early and radical remedy of this two-edged evil. It will be the earnest and constant endeavor of this paper to quicken a deep sense of this evil in the ruled, and bring home the guilt of it to the conscience of the rulers.

"Next in importance to the economic problem stands our educational problem. *New India* is pre-eminently the product of modern education. Its foundations were practically laid with the victory of the Anglicists over the Orientalists in the great conflict of educational ideals early in the thirties of the last century. Its great charter is the *Education Despatch* of 1854. In the tide of reaction that has overtaken both the rulers and the ruled alike these educational foundations of *New India* have commenced to be shifted. That the ideal set up by the *Despatch* of 1854 has not been realized may be frankly admitted. But that does not justify the hostile attitude toward liberal English education of the government on the one side and of our own reactionary countrymen on the other. The present system of education is bad, but the cure for bad education is not *no* education but *good* education. The fundamental defects of our present system of education are two—namely, (1) that it is not a national, and (2) that it is not a rational system. Our universities are not our own but foreign institutions, established by an alien government and controlled by an official agency. Not that with due care and foresight they might not be adapted to the requirements of the history and heredity, the traditions and peculiarities of our national temperament, but as at present constituted and conducted, they stand really more or less outside the main currents of our national life. Our present system of education seems to have been started on the assumption that the national mind in India was a *tabula rasa*, on which the forms of European culture had simply to be imposed to be permanently impressed. India needed instruction in the positive sciences of the West, but those who came forward to impart this instruction forgot or ignored the fact that she, too, had a culture of her own, as high, in its own way, as modern European culture. To this, almost unpardonable oversight, is due the failure of our present university system. As a wrong economic policy has been undermining the material basis of *New India*, so an irrational educational policy has been emasculating the intellectual and moral life of the nation. And though never wishing to ignore any question, whether political, social or religious, affecting the interests of *New India*, we desire to make a persistent agitation of our present day economic and educational problems our specialty. What measure of success may be accorded to our humble efforts in these directions we know not; but whether we succeed or fail, we know that in God's world no honest attempt to do the right ever becomes absolutely fruitless."

It would seem, in view of America's greatly intensified interest in the problems of the Far East, that Mr. Pal's new venture could not fail of finding interested readers among us, and his many friends in this country will assuredly wish him abundant success. M. E. H.

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Nature does nothing for man except what she enables him to do for himself.—*James Lane Allen.*

All high happiness has in it some element of love; all love contains a desire for peace.—*James Lane Allen.*

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